WHAT IS THE POWER BEHIND THE SAUCERS

by Silas M. Newton

More than two years ago in Frank Scully's BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS, we advanced the theory that the strange objects, yclept flying saucers, were utilizing a new method of propulsion, to wit: the application and use of magnetic lines of force. For some years before, these objects had been observed singly and flying in mass formation in almost every country on this planet. They had been observed in hundreds of cases by pilots, navigators and others whose reliability as witnesses was certified by years of experience in identifying familiar and unfamiliar objects in the sky. They are being identified in increasing numbers today.

Their patterns of flight, their incredible speeds, and their complete absence of the roar so familiar to any type of propulsive method known to man, lend further credit to our claim that these strange objects are propelled magnetically.

Since no nations on this planet lay claim to or admit that they ha ve developed magnetic propulsion as a motive force for ships of the air, it becomes more and more apparent with each sighting and visitation of these mysterious travelers come from places beyond our atmosphere.

There are today many engineers of high repute, some identified with the manufacture of our own planes devoted both to peace and war time use, who believe magnetic propulsion is just around the corner. It is our conviction that when the truth is finally admitted which we clain is already known to many, it will be hailed at last as the dream of all engineers - a perfect form of propulsion for all our needs on land, sea and air.

Not Sent

June 20/57

Dear Mr. C.

Thanks for your letter of this morning addressed to both Frank and me. I take the opportunity to answer it, since you said you included me in on it because it concerned the whole family. I am answering your letter point for point.

I am sorry too that the telephone conversation of the 15th was so little satisfying. I only heard one half of it, Frank's, and I fully concur in what he said to you. Frank has been and is under heavy pressure, I agree, but the pressure is entirely concocted by you, one man, and out of no kindess to humanity - either to us personally or to mankind as a while.

What you call "a mysterious force, or conscience or God" is God to us and He knows. The truest word of good advice a priest ever said from the altar was not to pray for justice, we might get it; pray for mercy. We not only pray for it, we suggest you try it too. I don't see how going against one's conscience should be the right thing to do.

Also, as I asked before, how does the fact of flying saucers true or false, hang on to your knowing who and what and how many people compose Dr. Gee? Just because Mr. Newton or anybody else may or may not be what <u>you</u> sayd they are, does that make Adamski's pictures lies? Don't be ridiculous.

On page 2 you ask if it is "Right"(Why the capital?) to leave the thousands of people who have read your book clutching hopefully at straws we know do not exist?" Oh, so <u>you</u> know they don't exist. We have no such proofs and plenty of evidence that they do.

There are hundreds of sightings listed in the back of Frank's book and those can hardly be more than a fraction of the total observations. Tell those people they are grasping at straws.

At least 70 per cent of Frank's book deals with people and observations outside the tent of Gee's group and their contributions. Prove that all these people are liars and in a vast confidence game to defraud the people into investing in non existing oil deals. These are your general charges, remember. They are scandalous and completely unproved to date for all your muckraking.

In your last paragraph you feel attorneys should not decide, "for there is only one Court that stands in Judgement of what a man really is. And before that Court a man is his own counsel and his own witness." You said it. Take the Bible and read it. You will

also find that one should always do unto others what you would like others do unto you. Also when a man strikes you on one cheek turn the other. Oh, loads of things about loving your neighbor, and if you can misconstrue that you are saving mankind when you are actually trying to create a tremendous criminal conspiracy out of something that is free of evil and wrong doing, then read about the moat in your brother's eye.

APS

March 10, 1950: The Denver Post

D. U. STUDENTS IMPRESSED BY TALK OF FLYING DISKS AND LITTLE MEN

Reaction of the Denver University basic science students to the lecturer they heard by an unidentified individual who claimed knowledge of disks and the men inside, was one of great interest. The class had requested to hear from an "authority" on existence of the objects.

March 1950: True Magazine, Volume 26, No. 154

HOW SCIENTISTS TRACED A FLYING SAUCER by Commander R.B.McLaughlin

Beginning of March

Author was assigned to guided missiles at White Sands Proving Ground, New Mexico. His article is mainly a detailed account of one saucer which he thought he saw at an altitude of twenty-five miles moving at 360 miles per hour. He said he was convinced they were space ships from another planet.

March 10, 1950: Los Angeles Times

SCIENTIST SAYS SAUCERS CARRY MARS VISITORS

Mexico City, March 9 (UP) Government newspaper El Nacional quoted a Mexican scientist as saying his claim that flying saucers carry visitors from Mars, would be confirmed in the near future. The scientist said that it was obvious from the manner of light and proportions of these disks that they carry beings from another world, undoubtedly Mars.

March 12, 1950: Los Angeles Times

LITTLE MEN HERE AGAIN, THIS TIME OVER SALINAS

Salinas, March 11, (UP) Reports of saucers diving on an automobile, looping the loop and/or speeding across the horizon at low altitude, was made by a score of persons in the Salinas, California area.

NEWTON OIL COMPANY

Executive Offices:
Equitable Building

Denver 2, Colorado

Asd

May 21st, 1946

Mr. Frank Scully
2071 Grace Street
Hollywood, California

My dear Frank:

I am in receipt of a letter dated May 16th from Bernard Lusher, Campaign Manager for one Frank Scully, candidate from Hollywood's 57th District to the State Assembly of California.

The small check enclosed herewith is payable to your order for the specific reason that there might be some question as to it being a corporation check, in which event the Committee could not accept it. This is not the case - this is a trade name and has been for years used by us in connection with operations where our corporation did not see fit to domesticate in various states.

You will please be kind enough to cash the check and deliver the proceeds to the Committee with my best wishes.

There seems to be in the back of my mind recollection of your being politically a Democrat. I am, therefore, forgetting this idea in favor of your being an American and as such a citizen that once elected will serve all of the people of your District regardless of party affiliations and it is with this thought in mind that I gladly do my small bit with the conviction that there is no better man in your community for this job.

With all good wishes to all the Scullys and every good wish to you.

Sincerely

S. M. Newton

TOMORROW'S OIL— WEST OF THE ROCKIES!

A Thumbnail Sketch of America's Last Great Oil Frontier

By SILAS M. NEWTON

A few remarks on geological errors—tomorrow's needs, and a possible way to avoid some of the dry holes.

During the past three years Colorado's now world famous Rangely Oil Field has turned the eyes of the oil world on a vast domain of territory. It stretches southward from the Uintas in northern Utah and northwestern Colorado down across portions of six western states —western Colorado, eastern Utah, northwestern New Mexico, northeastern Arizona, the southern tip of Nevada, southeastern California and western Arizona, to the Gulf of California and the Republic of Mexico.

For many years it has been the privilege of this writer to travel the highways that traverse this vast territory. During recent years, and particularly during the past year, flying up and down and across this country has made possible an aerial study of this great expanse that has been both entertaining and enlightening.

The northern portion is a great upland country that has succumbed to the inexorable attrition of the weather for several millions of years. Over other large portions of this vast area, expressionless plains lie the victims of the smoothing hand of deposition, which tends to blur out the outlines of relief features that are so dear to the scientist trained in field geology.

Land of Contrasts

The greater portion, however, is cluttered with topographic contrasts, that will challenge for years to come all the rock hounds that visit it in search of the hidden kingdoms of petroleum.

Over and over again as you wing its length and breadth, there comes to view the mighty bleedings of inner earth, known to man as volcanoes that once moved across this vast plateau country, as evidenced by the cold dead lava flows that mark the far flung landscape. While the dramatic fury that raged in ages that have passed, is no more, the scene is still lurid and awesome.

Farther on the scene changes and the plain turns red, which tells of tropical days of a far away past that abounded in oxidized iron. Then come fantastic multi-hued jumbles of peaks and canons, dressed in colors—reds, purples and vermillions, challenging one's imagination. As you fly over this plateau country, you marvel at the broad wildernesses of templed buttes; you sit in awe as you gaze across painted landscapes—you are winging across a half million square miles of what may be **the last and perhaps the greatest oil and gas reserve in the United States.**

To view this whole panorama—man's greatest gift to man has been the airplane and by looking at what he sees today the scientist can reconstruct its yesterday.

Winging across the blue yonder from the lower Gulf of California in a northeasterly direction the geologist sees the remains of disconnected highland barriers that ranged down the Pacific Coast. The topographic contrasts begin to stagger the imagination. The fury of erosion is everywhere present. Gashing across this vast country from the highlands of the Rockies away to the northeast in Colorado, a mighty river wends its spectacular way to the sea. Seventeen hundred miles of turbulent fury cutting its way relentlessly across highland and plain, leaving in its wake that majestic place called the Grand Canyon.

Forgotten Shorelines

Our geologist flyer charmed and with imagination strained almost to breaking point, sees evidences of forgotten shorelines now lost in Time's geologically charted past, that once bordered seas without a name. Sediments washed from the highlands to the north and east cover these sand-fretted stretches and drowned out the mighty waters of unnamed seas that crept back and forth from the south thru long periods of the Paleozoic Era.

These sediments that covered the waters relentlessly covered as well countless varieties of the quick and the dead that lingered or lay buried along these nameless shores.

On this ancient and continental platform most of the sediments torn from the towering flanks were ultimately laid to rest; this all happened with the coming and going of some four geological ages. It follows naturally that with the blotting out of one shore line by sedimentary deposition the sea fought for its existence by laying down other shore lines on to which its waves could wash and in its surf marine life of the deep could linger in an attempt to cheat the death that was pursuing them. Since the day the first rains fell and the first winds blew, these mighty erosive children of Mother Nature have carried on their endless task of washing down the mountains.

It is the province of the oil geologist to search across this prodigious plateau country, as well as its lowlands, for the telltale evidences of the hiding places of petroleum. Well does he know that the smoothing hand of deposition has hidden many a structure across this broad expanse and he realizes that the relief features of the usual Rocky Mountain picture book oil structures are certain to be lost across these desert sands. Experience teaches him, however, that even the erosive agents have long since stripped away the last telltale marker, and while it seems that we have located and charted the last fragments of rocks that outline oil sepulchres beneath the surface, there still must lie buried vaults fashioned by Nature's writhing that harbor "Rangelys" beyond our imagining.

Subsurface Studied

The overall picture of the subsurface beneath this vast area is now an open book to the geologist, for the drill has already worked its way down thru muds of varying composition and color; the paleontologist has already patiently searched out the fossil remains of hundreds of millions of years of life on his planet and the geological ages are already charted on the printed page.

Here one gets the picture of the physical world that never rests. Some of us, as we look on the face of this whole earth, are prone to think the job of creation is finished, but the scientist, however, knows that the vicissitudes of two billion years are imprinted in the crust of this globe and thus have we learned that the world of creation has been an endless process.

Our scientist likewise knows that a varied multitude of creatures spawned untiringly for millions and millions of years and that they swam these vagabond seas that came wandering northward. These seas stretched their liquid

fingers into the depressions all the way up the western flank of the Rockies until they shored against the friendly base of the Uintas. Prehistoric creatures lived, died and were buried in the briny ooze which in turn was covered by sediments from every mountainside.

Oil Seeks Surface

Since the distant days when the earth was young this liquid thing called oil has ever struggled towards the surface. Today, across most of this far flung territory, endless trails stretch, trails freshly made by the geologist, the geophysicist with all of their geophysical equipment and paraphernalia.

Millions of acres are being sounded out and the subsurface is being mapped to point the way to possible hidden havens of man's most precious substance—petroleum.

What will be the reward of all of this work? How many dry holes will be drilled before the answer to all the oil deposits are found? Let us turn for the moment to the record.

Dry, Dry Again

In the endless search for oil, out of the accumulated experience of professional oil men, together with the aid of thousands of trained and experienced geologists, with all the progress in geophysical research, it would seem to the layman that the boring for oil today should be an exact science. What are the facts? How many wildcats today have been drilled that died before they could blossom into commercial production? The record says that in the first nine months of the year 1947, with the demand for oil at is all time high, **out of 3829 exploratory operations, commonly known as "wildcats," 3089 were completed as dry holes; 79.2 percent of all these untold thousands of feet of hole, plus time and labor, have been rewarded with nothing but dry holes.**

As of today reports are available on 326 wells that have been drilled below the 12,000 foot level at an aggregate cost of more than 100 million dollars. A large number of these wells were dry, including the deepest well in the world, drilled to 17,823 feet in Caddo County, Oklahoma.

The conclusions are inescapable. The evidence is overwhelming; **something is lacking in the geological and geophysical methods by which we search the petroleum amphitheatre of this earth.**

New Attitude Needed

The inate curiosity of my mind has ever rebelled at the pretence of omniscience of some of the oil geological fraternity. True, the majority have worked well with the tools of their trade and they have done a monumental work to date, but to put it simply—the finding of oil where it lies in its silent bed, to the geologist seems almost a secondary matter. He points out the formation markers that indicate the possible trap; the structure, the anticline or the monocline; he maps a given area, closing it if possible by the dip and strike of telltale outcrops, indicating his structure by reference lines dotted if his outcrop evidence is absent; but he leaves the real issue to chance—pure and simple! No wonder, year after year more than EIGHTY PERCENT of all the wildcats are failures and total losses.

I say, and it is my considered judgment, after thirty-five years of vicarious experience over much of North and South America, that **it is time men of geological training gave some time and thought to other additional possible ways and means of getting the answer to "Where is the oil?"** It is the most valuable substance found in man's economy and it behooves us all to bend an ear and lend a hand in search for a better way to find oil.

Silas M. Newton

MICRO-WAVES being "broadcast" constantly by petroleum deposits hidden deep in the earth reveal the location, volume and depth of trapped oil pools. Still a close-guarded secret, this revolutionary new technique may end the spectre of "dry holes" and banish any fear that our nation's supply of petroleum soon may be exhausted.

In this paper, Mr. Newton gives the first intimations concerning this new exploratory method and what it may mean in the development of great new oil fields in the Western states.

The author is widely known as one of the West's forward-looking oil men. He is President of the Newton Oil Company, which with the California Company pioneered the great Rangely Field development in Colorado. He was founder and first president of the Oriental Refining Company of Denver.

Educated at Baylor and Yale, he has studied geology in books, in the field and from the air. The OIL REPORTER taxes prides in giving its readers another challenging paper by S. M. Newton.

Deep down in his heart the geologist faces this problem and wonders what to do next. Some zealous adherents to seismic zig-zag oscillations continue to overlook the one fact that should be their sole objective and that is that the people for whom they make their surveys are looking for oil. It is the belief of this author that the same amount of scientific application of the talents of these scientifically trained men, as to methods that would determine the depth to and the determination of volume of oil in the structure itself, would help to end this endless business of wildcat dry holes.

Genius Unheralded

One of the strangest aspects of human history is the way in which men fight new ideas and when they have accepted them cling to them regardless of time and circumstance. That strange faculty of man, creative ability, leads a hard life. The few to whom Nature or Benevolence has granted this most valuable of all man's faculties, are seldom cheered in their own time. They must stand alone. They must walk alone. Driven by their talent they must take the kicks of outrageous fortune and the scoffs of their fellows of lesser genius. Many reach the grave unheralded and unsung. Few reach the heights and receive the homage of mankind.

So looking back across the years, fingering the pages that tell of man's conquest of man—I hesitate to predict, or prophesy, or present a way to a better knowledge of how to find oil and gas fields that Nature has hidden beneath her skin, with or without a surface tombstone marker.

As an oil man I've had some few years of experience. I have tasted the sweet and I have known the bitter. I have watched the driller as he sent his bit deep into the earth looking for oil. I have for years known the dread of waters that lurk beneath every foot of hole. "The ocean" is a common term known to every seeker of oil—saline relics of ancient seas. These waters were buried under the sedimentary accumulations of the continents. They are hermetically sealed against evaporation; they move in uncharted channels; they once knew the light of day in some forgotten age; their existence, however, has a reason for on their bosom has floated all the oil and gas that man has or will produce on this earth. They are the entrapped remnants of vanished seas. They stretch out and across and beneath all this vast country we have been flying over.

The geochemist has already made a notable contribution to the science of oil exploration, even tho his work leaves much to be desired. He, however, has the advantage of developing his charts from an analysis of minute particles of petroleum gases that have leaked upward from the source beds below.

Finding the Trap

All seismic research, magnetometer or torsion balance surveys seek to chart

the presence of structural conditions favorable to the trapping of oil and gas. The flying photographer has reduced the slow, painful and tedious work of searching out structural areas to a matter of hours, but all these methods in the final analysis leave the answer to driller and his bit. Time and expense and the eternal question of "Will it be dry?", when the hole is bottomed, be it a thousand, or seventeen thousand feet below the derrick floor, still confront the prospector, whether he is taking his first wildcat venture or whether he is the seasoned veteran of years in the oil game.

The rank and file of the geologists of the land in seeking out a closed structure have years on end puzzled ever the problem of what to do with "Faults" and how they are to be classified in relation to the closing of a structure. It's been unthinkable almost that faults can close structures. It is my opinion that the area treated in this essay is going to contribute a lot of new data on this subject.

Certain it is that faults are everywhere present and geophysical means should be developed whereby the fault zones in every oil structure can be defined both as to strike and hade and the part they play in trapping oil and gas in a given structure accurately accounted for. A typical case of a recently drilled structure, some thirty miles from the Rangely Field, clearly shows the need of better and more accurate fault information. Elk Springs, as a structure, has been mapped for years but has been called an open, or unclosed structure. The Continental Oil Company has now put it into commercial production. It should now be once and for all studied to find out if it is closed by faulting.

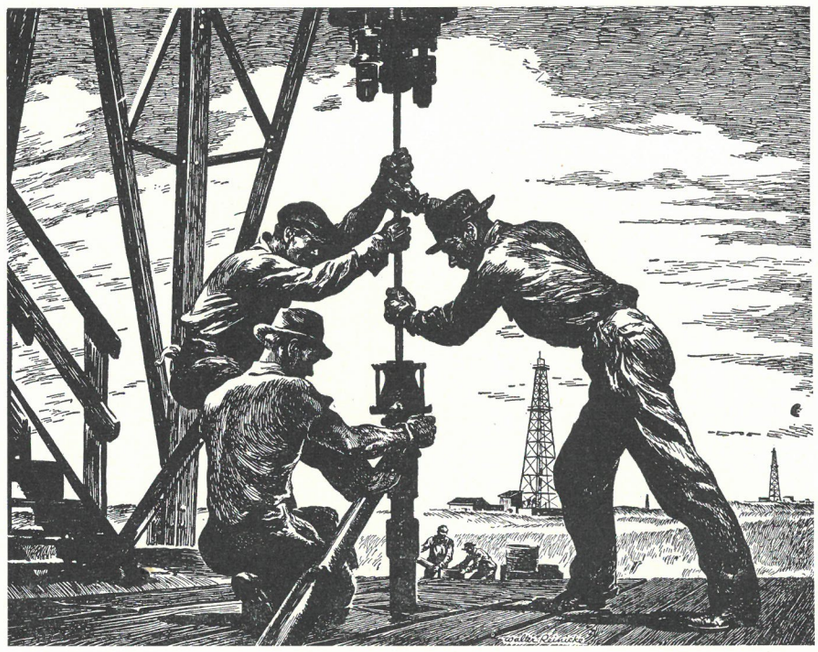
The only reason that any of the various geophysical methods have been rated successful in the search for oil is primarily because their proponents have been able by them to determine geologic structure of buried formations. Each and every one of these methods, be it magnetic, gravitational, electrical, seismic, radio-active, geothermal or geochemical, only deal with the problem of mapping hidden structures favorable for the occurrence of new oil and gas fields.

The development of each of the above methods has largely been due to the defects that have developed in each of the methods in turn.

Better Way Needed

Oil drilling history, however, when reviewed in retrospect, starting with only six percent of all wildcats being producers, and increasing to only approximately twenty percent, presents a picture that is not very gratifying to the professional seeker of oil deposits. These professionals, individuals and company, by and large want **a better way and a better method by which new deposits of petroleum can be discovered.**

Because of the fact that innumerable structures are unquestionably sealed by faulting or igneous diking or other intrusives, **geophysical methods must be developed which will portray instantly the presence of such conditions.** It is the belief of this writer that **methods now being tested in this respect will prove to be safe and reliable and available to the profession in the near future.**



The reader, be he scientist or layman, has doubtless already asked the question—"What is the answer?" **How is the geologist to develop ways and means of detecting the presence of petroleum at a given depth beneath the surface of a mapped structural area?"** Certain it is that we have climbed the heights as to methods by which we can mark and map the places where oil **may** be found. What we would now like to know is what can we do to find out beforehand **if it reposes there** beneath our drilling place and **how much of it** there is.

Micro-Wave Analysis

Recently scientists were privileged to talk publicly about the use and adaptation of micro-waves as evidenced in the announcement of the opening of the new methods of telephonic communication now being installed between New York and Boston. It has been the opportunity of this author for the past half dozen years to have a finger in certain new and perhaps radical methods of geophysical research designed to get the answer as to where is the oil and how much.

Over a year ago I was privileged to point out to Walter Russell, one of the world's greatest living scientists, a fact that has now been publicly acclaimed, to-wit: It appears, from the announcement about the installations between New York and Boston, that this micro-wave seems to lose its ability to function beyond a distance of approximately thirty miles. This fact this writer called to the attention of Russell more than a year ago, and sought his thoughts on the matter.

Certain it is that **petroleum in place radiates energy.** In view of scientific research within my own knowledge, I am positive that scientists, once they apply their abilities to the problem, will be able to bring this radiant energy to a focus so that **the component micro-waves can be caught and measured.**

Further, it is my conviction, as a result of the past six years as a witness and a participant in geophysical research wherein **methods are being developed that regardless of conditions, emission spectra, which are a result of radiation emitted by a source, can actually be measured both as to depth and as to volume.**

Obviously such methods, when and if perfected by science, would reduce the finding of the deposits of petroleum to an almost exact science.

When one recalls that the first commercial wells ever drilled were almost directly the result of guidance made available by the occurrence of surface seepages, which at best was only haphazard prospecting, it is a conviction that **sooner or later we must develop and adapt scientific methods that will rely for their answer and conclusions on the actual survey of petroleum itself** beneath the surface in a given area.

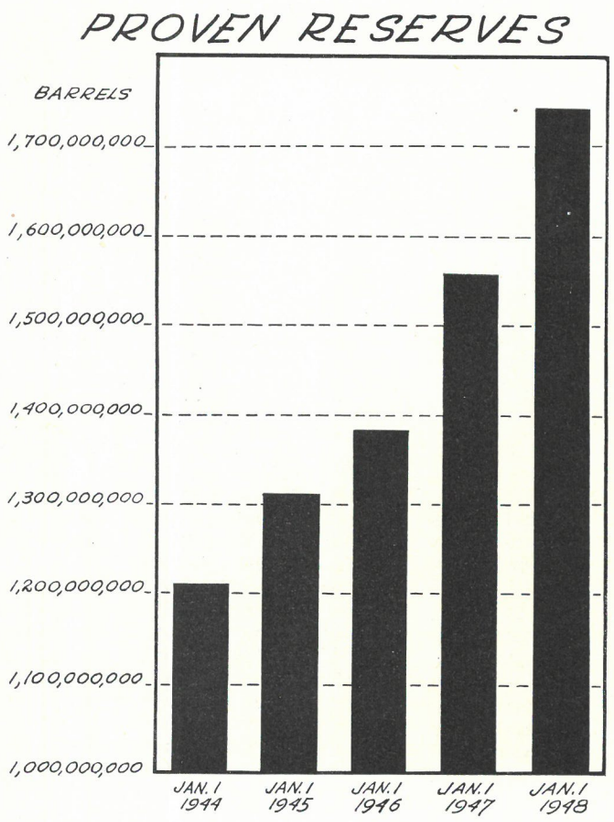
Having determined **this presence of petroleum in place** by methods yet to be developed it follows that **the geological factors of the deposits will conform to the pattern that the geological profession has proven throughout its years to be necessary to the trapping of oil and gas.**

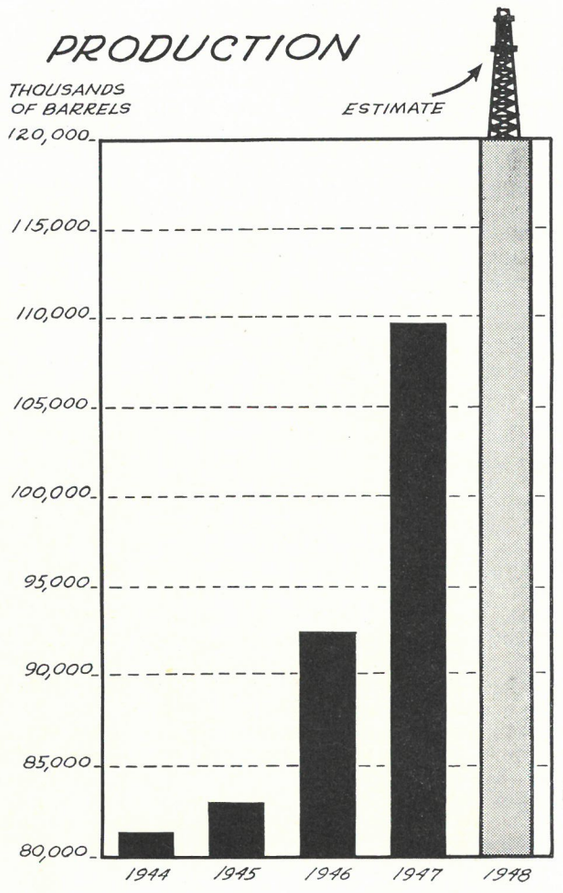
With this new day dawning in the search for oil, it is not out of line to foresee in the near future that one will be able to fly this great western petroleum province and look down on hundreds of areas where derricks dot the desert, where now amidst its rocky outcrops, only the lonely coyote makes his lair.

Proven Reserves IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN STATES

(Thousands of Barrels)

	Jan. 1 1944	Jan. 1 1945	Jan. 1 1946	Jan. 1 1947	Jan. 1 1948 (Estimated)
Colorado	45,111	57,920	259,830	299,870	320,000
Montana	108,057	108,650	108,474	104,246	100,000
New Mexico	553,981	562,564	512,373	543,543	550,000
Wyoming	499,394	581,730	599,881	611,409	770,000
Totals	1,206,543	1,310,864	1,380,558	1,559,068	1,740,000





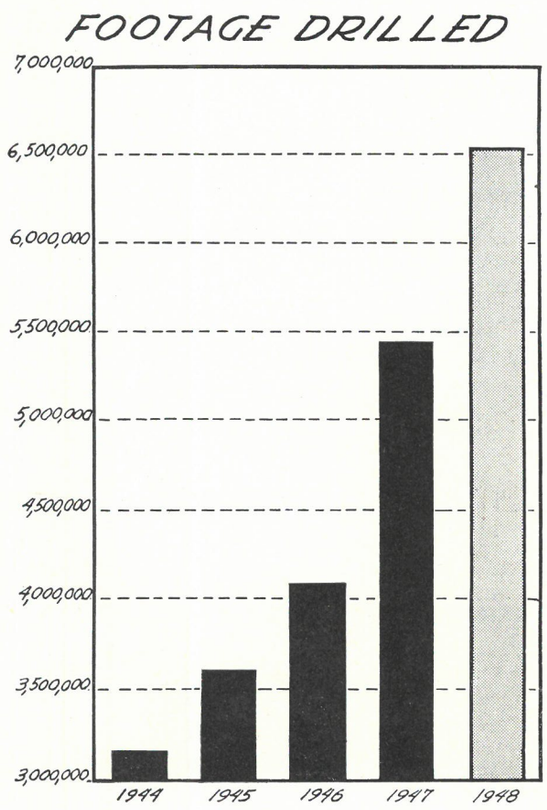
Crude Production IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN STATES

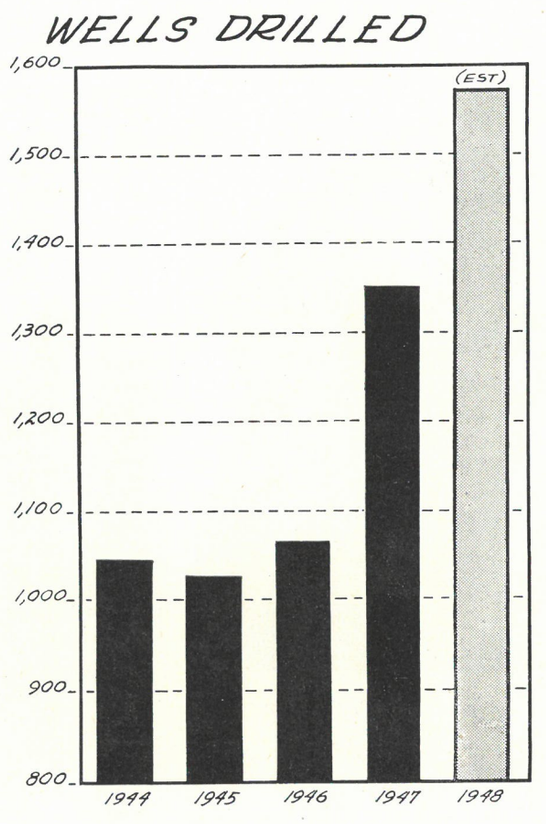
(Thousands of Barrels)

	1944	1945	1946	1947	1948 (Estimated)
Colorado	2,945	4,560	11,590	15,640	21,000
Montana	8,625	8,400	9,030	8,745	9,000
New Mexico	39,555	37,280	36,700	40,970	47,000
Wyoming	32,390	35,360	38,545	44,580	50,500
Totals	83,515	85,600	95,865	109,935	127,500

Footage Drilled IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN STATES

	1944	1945	1946	1947	1948 (Estimated)
Colorado	207,000	353,000	1,065,000	1,150,000	1,180,000
Montana	946,000	753,000	660,000	635,000	745,000
New Mexico	1,322,000	1,510,000	1,625,000	2,510,000	2,770,000
Wyoming	907,000	965,000	714,000	1,200,000	1,825,000
Totals	3,382,000	3,581,000	4,064,000	5,496,000	6,519,000





Well Completions IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN STATES

	1944	1945	1946	1947	1948 (Estimated)
Colorado	40	60	170	210	205
Montana	390	310	310	310	350
New Mexico	410	425	410	560	620
Wyoming	205	225	170	270	390
Totals	1,045	1,025	1,060	1,350	1,565

Region's Drilling to Double in 1948

Halliburton's Rocky Mountain Manager, C. O. Pace, Announces Expansion Program to Match Region's Growth

By Henry W. Hough

ON-THE-FLY, Rocky Mountain Area., U.S.A. (Special to the OIL REPORTER)—Bob Pace gets around. He seldom stops, for that matter, and his wife and four sons think they've seen some fast-moving oil operations but nothing like Halliburton's pace-setting Rocky Mountain manager has found since he began patrolling the Continental Divide all the way from the New Mexico border to Canada.

Probably no enterprise in the world's oil industry has an inside track to more drilling operations than the Halliburton Oil Well Cementing Company. Wherever oil men drill, there you're likely to see Halliburton's big cement service trucks. But this isn't the story

Halliburton's C. O. Pace

of the Halliburton people or their trucks so much as it is the story of America's fastest-growing oil region, as seen through the eyes of seasoned Halliburton men.

They'll tell you the drilling end of the oil business has been moving at a fast clip in the Rocky Mountain region the past few years. The industry's "last frontier" has proved to be something worth waiting for, with discovery crowding upon discovery and the entire industry getting familiar overnight with such magic names as Rangely Field, Elk Basin, Sand Draw, Mush Creek and all the rest. It isn't just some promising area to be developed in the sweet bye-and-bye. Not any more.

That is what Halliburton has discovered. And to keep in step, **they are doubling Halliburton's oil well servicing facilities in the Rocky Mountain region between now and next spring.** Why? Because studies made by Halliburton men, going over operating schedules and plans of drilling contractors and operators both large and small add up to the startling conclusion that **1948 will see twice as much drilling going on in the Rocky Mountain region as in 1947.** But let Bob Pace tell the story.

"Seems that wherever I go I run into a boom, so I suspected when I was sent up here to take charge of Halliburton's combined Rocky Mountain district that the area was ripe to bust wide open.

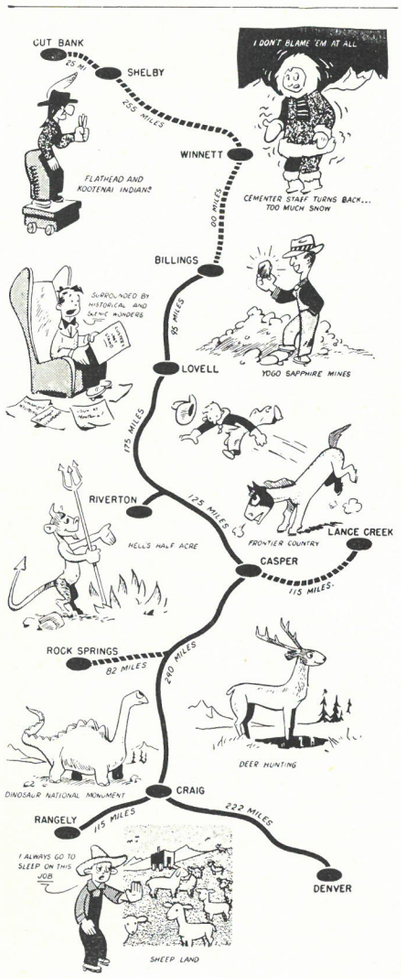
"That is exactly what I've found here. **There is nothing like it anywhere in the the United States today because the Rocky Mountain region is so much larger in the amount of proven oil country to be developed.** For years the big job will be to expand and deepen the fields already proved in Wyoming, Colorado and Montana. Whatever is found in the way of new oil fields will only add more to the total, but **an enormous job lies immediately ahead of the industry in developing and expanding the region's known oil producing fields."**

Just what is Halliburton doing about it? Plenty. Listen.

"We will double our operations by spring," Pace says. "We are starting work at once to build a plant for bulk cement operations and acid service somewhere in the Big Horn Basin (Wyoming) and another in Montana, probably east of Cut Bank or at Cut Bank. These will be like our plant in northwestern Colorado at Craig, which is now adequate to handle 100,000 sacks of cement a month.

"Our expansion program is designed to build up our services, as rapidly as possible, to provide the Rocky Mountain region with exactly the same sort of service we provide in the world's largest oil fields. This includes cementing, electric logging, dump bailer services, plastics for water control and various tool services required for drilling and producing.

"The Craig plant, serving Colorado's Rangely and Wilson Creek oil fields, has been our only bulk cement plant in the Rocky Mountain area. The Wyoming and Montana fields have used sack cement. Our new plants in Montana and Wyoming will enable us to give fast bulk cement plant service to oil fields all over the region."



HALLIBURTON CEMENTER'S VIEW of the Rocky Mountain oil country. The busy plant at Craig, serving booming Rangely Field, will be duplicated soon at Cut Bank (Montana) and somewhere in the Big Horn Basin (Wyoming). Halliburton is doubling its facilities between now and spring, having found that drilling activity in the Rocky Mountain states in 1948 will be double that in 1947. The entire Rocky Mountain area now is supervised by C. O. (Bob) Pace from Denver headquarters. Needless to say, supervising the Halliburton company's operations at the widely-scattered oil fields in this most active portion of America's oil industry keeps Mr. Pace on the "high lope" practically all of the time.

Private and Confidential
Memo on J.P.Cahn
June 15, 1952
By Frank Scully.

Forwarded to:
A. Brigham Rose,
Attorney for
Silas M. Newton.

September 20, 1952

On February 22, 1951, J. P. Cahn, an unemployed newspaper man from San Francisco, came to my home at 2071 Grace Avenue, Hollywood, 28, California, claiming he was a friend of Abe Mellinkoff, city editor of the Chronicle, and a classmate at Stanford of Sherman Mellinkoff. He asked if he might do some research under my direction on any new leads that might develop concerning flying saucers. He was sure the San Francisco Chronicle, where he had been previously employed, would carry expenses up to $1200 for six weeks in return for first crack at whatever material might be unearthed. He was even surer there was a fortune in it and he was most anxious to get a piece of it.

I listened and said nothing encouraging or discouraging. For myself I felt I had exhausted the subject of flying saucers and in any event the subject had exhausted me. He came in a few times, was invited for lunch and once came at tea time.

At our house Cahn met Silas Newton, an oil man freely quoted in "Behind The Flying Saucers." Neither of us, however, had ever seen a saucer, had any hallucinations we had seen one. Nor had we joined any mass hysteria concerning the enigma.

When Cahn found that Newton made frequent trips to San Francisco, whereas I minded moving from one chair to another, he dropped me like a dead fish and latched on to Newton.

I didn't see Cahn after that for months. I didn't see much

of Newton either, because he was working out a petroleum storage defense project and spent most of his time between Washington and San Francisco.

The next time I saw Cahn was June 11, 1951, when he barged into my home carrying a brief case. In the brief case was a dossier. The contents he assured me would prove I was a dupe of the slickest bunch of confidence men that the country had seen in years. They were using me and my book to build up sucker lists and then selling these suckers dubious oil stocks. Their arrest was only a matter of days. His editors thought I should be informed of these revolting developments and if I would cooperate with them and write the expose under my name they would see I was amply repaid for yelling "copper" on my saucerian sources. If I wouldn't, they of course would have no alternative than to assume I was a party to these illegal practises, In brief, he was also trying out blackmail on me, for size.

All this was so completely in the syndrome of stampeded confessions from behind the iron curtain that I wondered if Cahn and the Chronicle were not practising to take over the functions of a secret police, if and when the Constitution were abolished and a police-state pencilled in to succeed it.

I called Alice Scully in to the office and had Cahn go over his charges in her presence.

At this point Cahn confessed something himself. He confessed he was a crime reporter. In fact he even confessed that he had gone in for some larceny to strengthen his case. He said he stole a small disc presumably in Newton's collection of saucerian mementoes and had substituted a slug when returning the collection to Newton. He showed me a photograph of the filched disc next to a nickel. Whether this is

in the realm of petty or grand larceny would have to be determined by a court skilled in appraising such curiosa.

Cahn next went on to expose Dr. Gee, a composite of scientists I had created out of the several who had told me the most sensational phases of the glying saucer story. He asked me if I knew Dr. Gebauer and gave his address in Phoenix. I told Cahn I certainly did. He said that Newton had told him that Dr. Gebauer was Dr. Gee and if he (Cahn) got GeBauer himself not only to admit he was Dr. Gee, but to admit he had been a nobody in the defense setup in the last war and had concocted his sensational saucer story out of his own head, would I then collaborate on the Chronicle's expose and write their "I Have Been Duped Story" from the material supplied by them and Cahn. (If we would there was at least $25,000 in it.) We told him that if he had proof which satisifed our minds, not merely his or the Chronicle's, it would then be time to discuss the next step in the saucer story. He said he would prove that GeBauer and Newton had been working the confidence racket for years and in a few days would have a confession from GeBauer that all this was true and that the whole saucer story was a hoax of his making. He was sure that I being a man of honor would see I owed it to the thousands of readers of "Behind The Flying Saucers" to protect them from further victimization of this well-plotted fraud.

I told him if he could prove that Dr. Gee was Dr. Gebauer and that Dr. GeBauer was a nobody in the field of geophysical and magnetic research and had never had a status in the government defense setup, Cahn hardly needed me to prove his case. But he insisted that he did need my help and assured me the Chronicle would pay me handsomely for the task. ~~No price was mentioned at that time, but I suspect they'd pay at least 30 pieces of silver.~~ Later He said they'd guarantee at least $25,000, plus a syndicate percentage. I then told him if it were true I would

write it for nothing; if it weren't true, money couldn't buy it.

Alice asked how would the fact of flying saucers, true or false, hang on to Cahn's knowing who and what and how many people compose Dr. Gee? Just because Mr. Newton or anybody else may or may not be what I said they were, would that, for instance, make Adamski's pictures lies?

Subsequently Cahn got "a confession" from Dr. GeBauer. Dr. GeBauer didn't admit he was Dr. Gee, however. In fact he denied it. That left Cahn holding the bag, but he acted as if it was just what he wanted most in the world. He also "proved" GeBauer was a nobody by quoting the Better Business Bureau. ~~They said~~ Their records indicated that GeBauer had been director of the Air Research laboratories in Phoenix and L.A. for two years during the war and had got a doctor's degree in engineering from the University of California of Los Angeles in 1946. Did they give doctor's degrees to nobodies?

As Newton was in Washington completing the details of a defense project and flew from ~~there~~ to Denver before I could contact him, I had no way of getting in touch with him for several days. When I did and confronted him with the Chronicle's dossier he blew his top and had to be restrained from settling this scurrilous piece of typographical character-assassination in a way that died out with "Duel In The Sun." A man enjoying a high reputation in his field, his company owned wells and leases in Colorado, Wyoming, California and elsewhere.

He explained that day-after-day while he was in San Francisco he was pestered by Cahn who obviously had sold the Chronicle a bill of goods and had got back on the payroll. Newton was importuned by Cahn to visit the editors. Newton told us he never made one phone

call to Cahn or the Chronicle. He said he was the recipient of dozens.

Cahn et al began to build a great story. First they would write a puffing personality-story around Newton, praising him to the skies. This would launch their great Saucerian story. Newton said he refused to permit this. He was urged to cntact his sources among magnetic scientists and see if they felt they could take a chance on revealing their material. If it satisfied the Chronicle's standards of proof the paper would pay $25,000 to $35,000 and guarantee to protect their identity. Newton said he would submit this proposition to these men at his first opportunity. That's all he could do. They might or might not accept such an offer.

Newton told them he had some leads himself but in the pressure of business he had not been able to run them down. One particularly intrigued him. It concerned a grounded cigar-shaped saucer. After he cleaned up his business in Washington he hoped to run down this rumor, and would let them know if successful. If not they would not hear from him. He left them with that.

Whether they signed the scientists or not, The Chronicle wanted Newton to assure them of first crack at this story. Newton's concern if it were the real thing was how could he get the grounded object out of the Mississippi swamps and establish title to it. The Chronicle editors were sure they had enough influence to protect his rights in this matter.

The editors pleaded with him that the whole project had to be cleared up one way or another soon, before Editor-in-Chief Paul Smith got back from a world tour, because if it weren't he'd wash the project up and refuse to waste any more money on it. That was the last Newton saw of them, as he spent the next five weeks in Washington.

The weeks going by and nothing coming of all the hopes of a killing by Cahn et al, they went from high hopes to black despair. They realized that they had to turn in some story, and so from glorifying Newton as the Grand Sachem of Saucers they proceeded to look for mud to throw at him, at Dr. GeBauer, at me, and so convince the Chronicle top echelon that they were good reporters after all. While they didn't get the story the started out to get, they had got a honey of an expose, they were telling me as well as others, and had even saved the paper from the embarrassment of building up guys who were as phoney as a three-dollar bill. In other words, the Cahn formula was: puff them up or stink them up, but get a story or get fired.

Cahn sought to get me not to tell Newton of these developments until they were in galley-proofs, when they would confront him with the charges and give him a chance to clear himself or correct any errors before printing them.

In a final desperate effort to save his crazy crumbling house of hate, Cahn wanted Newton to sign a statement that he told me the whole flying story was a hoax two years ago, but that I went ahead and printed the [redacted] story anyway. This way the Chronicle would let Newton off the hook and hang me on it. That one didn't get to first base either.

This vicious circle had now gone to criminal, if not psychopathic, lengths. When one understands that Cahn's driving motive was to make a fast fortune and thus get out of the wage slave class overnight, it is easier to understand his reversal, once his Caesarian ambitions were thwarted.

He abused my home and hospitality. He sought to destroy a

circle of friends who had known and trusted each other ~~implicitly~~ for years. He threw scandal around like confetti. He cooked up libels by the dozen. He proved himself a louse in the blouse of journalism, a dangerous man in America, though possibly not without value if shipped abroad and handed the role of agent provocateur to some unfriendly foreign power.

A legal injunction against this sort of reputation-wrecking by a money-hungry rat gnawing on the hem of journalism ought to be issued in the public interest.

FRANK SCULLY

NEWTON OIL COMPANY

Executive Offices:
Equitable Building

Denver 2, Colorado

Dear Frank -

Foster does his political Thursday
speech today a la- Vermeian -
Busy as Satan with his fifth farm
since returning here -

Always yours
Dr

ALAN H. ANDREWS, Trustee
60 Rock Street
Fall River, Mass.

RESEARCH LABORATORIES
Rock, Mass.
Providence, R. I.
Detroit, Mich.

V. M. SMITH, Sec.
23 Grove Street
New York, N. Y.

BETTER LIFE FOUNDATION

An Eleemosynary Organization

"SEARCH AND SHARE THE GOOD"

Dear Mr. Scully:
Hope you can make it.
Al Andrews

784 High Street
Fall River, Mass.
October 17, 1950

Mr. Silas M. Newton
Newton Oil Company
Denver, Colorado

Dear Mr. Newton,

We are to have a dinner mmeting at the Harvard Club in Boston in about two weeks time relative to Flying Saucers. If it would be possible for you to attend we will fix the date convenient to you. If it is possible for you to induce Dr. "Gee" and Mr. Scully to be there we should appreciate it.

No publicity is planned as attendance will be small and limited to those invited. It is intended to present some certificates of Award to some individua who have made contributions to our understanding of Gravity, Magnetism and other allied fields. We shoul like to include you and any others that you suggest as entitled to quiet recognition for their services relative to such subjects.

Among those expected to be present are Mr. Roger Babson founder of Gravity Research Foundation, officials and collaborators of that Foundation, Professor Harlow True Stetson, Director of Cosmic Terrestrial Research Laboratories and other astronomers, physicists, research engineers, etc.

We should like to have yuu make a few remarks as you see fit at the time, and also to have a few remarks from any other individuals you suggest, as we expect to have quite a number of reports on some new developments each speakers time will necessarily be limited.
As director of the Aero Club of New England for many years, I have listened to most of the great names in Aviation, but I feel that we are now entering an ever more interesting era, that the coming meeting will be historic, and I do hope it will be possible for you to attend.

Yours sincerely,
Alan H. Andrews

WILBUR COLBY MUNDT,
P. O. BOX 192, OILDALE, CALIFORNIA.

Wed. Nov. 15, 1950 - about 2 P. M.

inclosed self addressed stamped env. airmail

Mr.Frank Scully,
% Henry Holt & Co., Inc., Publishers,
257 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Scully:

I read your book "BEHIND THE FLYING SAUCERS", with great interest and recommended it to an electrician friend of mine here who thinks he can build one.

Prior to reading your book I got a copy of Pageant Magazine with a condensation of your book in it and later I also went around with my friend and got a copy for him, also a copy for another friend, a retired mechanic.

I wrote Henry Holt & Co. for your address and received a letter back informing me I would have to write to you % them.

I would also like to have the address of Mr. Silas M. Newton so I can write him too. I read recently a news report that you had left Denver, Colo. on a trip with him.

I have been and am interested in magnetism and magnetic research and know some things as I have spent what time I could studying science, etc.

I know a master machinist who is too old to work at his trade now and who is at present interested in prospecting and mining, also he has located some claims and is preparing to do more mining. He has told me that he can build a motor that will make all other motors obsolete, also that he made a working model and planned to contact General Motors or others but became afraid to go ahead with his plans fearing that people might try to do away with him or something like that.

I have received some information to work on when I can find time and place and it also appears from what I have heard and read that some others have likewise and in one case from what I heard an inventor's work was interfered with by a big oil corporation.

Some years ago I got some information about a new metal to be found as I have been interested in prospecting and mining for some years too and I did some investigating but did not have money enough to go ahead and later informed the Govt. about possibilities and as I recall they sent a Secret Service operative to see me about itbut I have heard no more and have been too busy with other affairs to inquire more.

I have information as to where to go for gold, also other metals and minerals and in some cases I have been over the ground and have done some locating in the past but again lack of enough money prevented me from doing as much as I would have liked to do.

I was interested to learn from your book that Mr. Newton is interested in oil in a big way apparently and also interested in gold possibilities too, also that he has instruments to do locating with.

I had a partner on a prospecting expedition for whom the divining rods would work and he could locate various metals and minerals as well as oil also guage the depth and we covered some ground together along with others before he passed on and he told me things about other places he had been where he was not able to take me then; there may be possibilities in some of those places awaiting further action.

My problem at present concerns getting enough money also a suitable place where I will have room to work as far as more magnetic research is concerned and I might solve that thru more prospecting and mining if no other way but that all takes time and more money too than I have at present. Perhaps you and Mr. Newton can help me in some ways.

Thank you & am, Received July 1950 Wilbur Colby Mundt

NEWTON OIL COMPANY

Executive Offices:
Equitable Building

Denver 2, Colorado

September 25, 1950

Mr. Frank Scully
c/o Henry Holt & Company
257 Fourth Avenue
New York 10, N. Y.

My dear Frank:

It was wonderful talking to you this morning and I was delighted to find that you had met with such a wonderful reception there. I felt that you would.

It is also nice to know that there is still some opposition, because if everybody in the land agreed with the thesis of your book there would be no occasion for a book. It is controversy that really makes it.

It is amazing to see that this has completely silenced the Pentagon boys, and it might be the means of sooner or later opening the doors so that they can admit the truth.

With every good wish,

Yours as ever,

SMN/P

Enclose 2 copies of
Denver Post Sunday articles

San Francisco Chronicle
THE CITY'S ONLY HOME-OWNED NEWSPAPER
FIFTH AND MISSION STREETS
SAN FRANCISCO 19, CALIF.
GARFIELD 1-1112

April 13, 1951

Mr. Frank Scully
2071 Grace Avenue
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Mr. Scully:

Enclosed is a letter George Koehler gave me to deliver to you.

I was in Denver the early part of this week and had anticipated going directly to Los Angeles so Koehler asked me to act as courier. At the last moment, however, Mr. Newton advised me that he would be in San Francisco so I came here instead of going South.

At Mr. Koehler's suggestion I have written Squyres asking him the nature of his information. In the event I hear from him I'll pass the word along to you.

I was somewhat disappointed to find that Mr. Newton was not in San Francisco as he said he would be. Naturally, we are anxious to talk further with him, but as you said, that doubtless will have to be postponed until his current business with Washington is cleared up.

My best regards to you and your wife.

Cordially,

J.P. Cahn

JPC:rs
ENC.

C
O
PY

June 27
1 9 5 1

Mr. Paul Smith,
San Francisco Chronicle,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mr. Smith:-

A week ago I sent you a long letter filling out certain phases of a story which in all fairness to you and to me you needed to have.

So far I have received no reply and while it might require a little time to answer the letter in detail, would you be kind enough now to acknowledge if you did receive it, or not?

Yours sincerely,

FS:AP

FRANK SCULLY

COPY

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

Office of
Paul C. Smith

June 29, 1951

SAN FRANCISCO

Mr. Frank Scully
2071 Grace Avenue,
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Mr. Scully:-

This will acknowledge your letters of June 19th and 27th. I have just returned from a round-the-world trip and have been out of town a good deal on a heavy speaking shcedule, which explains this tardy acknowledgment.

However, I have had the subject matter of your letter of June 19th under investigation and have not quite yet arrived at my own final conclusions.

By way of tentative opinion, however, let me say that I naturally regret any misunderstanding that may have arisen between you and Cahn. Your recollection and his of certain specific matters are at some variance and I have not yet had theopportunity to arrive at a conclusive judgment.

The general subject which started the investigation is one of deep interest to me. Frankly, I recall that when I first saw your book I thought you were merely having fun with your readers, but judging by the seriousness with which somce of the critics received it and judging by what I heard of your own public attitude following publication of the book, I came to the conclusion that my initial reaction had been in error and you were not "just kidding". It was this belief that prompted our interest in the underlying material and personalities behind your work.

It was our editorial opinion if the work had merit as a piece of science reporting, we should certainly make ourselves more aware of the elements of its merit and it was this general thought that led to our giving the assignment to Cahn, who had been with us for some years in the past and who had left us of his own volition a few years ago to pursue family interests.

While all of the material is not yet in, we do have in our possession a quantity of purely circumstantial evidence that leads us unfortunately to an attitude tending to question the motives of some of the central figures behind your material.

At the moment, I have not even a tentative opimion as to what the motives might be. For example, one of my tentative opinions is that Mr. Silas Newton, with whom I have met and talked and who is a most personalbe and attractive fellow, nevertheless appears to be not quite the recognized authority in the fields claimed by him and for him.

You may be sure, however, that it is not my intention to cause you or any of the other people underlying your book any embarrassment.

I merely regard it as of considerable importance to the general health of the public mind that the approach to such a phenomena as the flying saucers shall be rooted in rational scientific speculation free of any motive other than to arrive at the truth.

I regret exceedingly our inquiry has cause you any discomfiture. I respect you as a fellow craftsman and although I have not yet had the privilege of meeting you personally I am confident that your own sincerity of purpose is consistent with the principles on which we ourselves are proceeding.

As I say, up to the moment I have arrived at no conclusions worth publishing. I hope we don't have to bother you further, but it is our aspiration to check as thoroughly as possible our own incredulity in the matter of the visiting Venusians.

With high personal regards and with what I know would be the greetings of our mutual friends on the paper if they knew I was in correspondence with you, I remain,

Sincerely Yours,

(Signed) Paul C. Smith

Editor and
General Manager

To City Desks
Wire Service Editors

HOLD FOR RELEASE

From Frank Scully
% David Mellinkoff
211 S. Beverly Drive
Beverly Hills Cal.

From time to time some character, publication or Pentagonian stooge breaks out with an expose of Behind The Flying Saucers, a book I wrote a year ago. They usually time their rabbit punches to catch me convalescing in the desert miles from a telephone.

Thus I usually find myself one to two days behind the news, which is a little slow for effective counter-punching. I learn that there is a new putsch under way. This time the effort will be made to muddy the private character and professional standing of my authorities. This will go to libelous lengths. As such calumny can hardly be claimed to be privileged, the libel will be hazardous for any one to repeat.

It stems primarily from some writers who wanted to horn in on this subject, hooked a publication to carry the nut and then finding that I more or less had exhausted the diggings for the time being, have turned around and befouled the people they had once hoped would make them rich overnight.

As I may be out of town clearing up a bronchial infection if and when such a blast breaks I'm trying to prove that at least one guy learned something from Pearl Harbor. If I cannot be contacted at my home (HIllside 6327), I will leave with David Mellinkoff, Attorney, Crestview 5-2619, 211 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, or (home) Crestview 1-9464, a statement which I hope exposes the exposers. Of course if they get smart and drop the thing I'll let you know that too. Meanwhile consider yourselves alerted.

FRANK SCULLY

June 25, 1951

REFRIGERATION REPAIRS SALES WASHERS PARTS APPLIANCES

CLARENCE C. TYER

RED ARROW SERVICE

Phone 3-4248
615 SOLANO AVENUE VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA

June 29, 1951

Mr. Frank Scully

Dear Mr. Scully;-

I have read your book "Behind the Flying Saucers" and found it most interesting as well as informative on a timely subject.

My reason for writing to you is this, Ihave information on the richest gold discovery in this state of California. The richest exposed vein of gold ever seen by any one man. This one man and his wife chopped out $ 89,000. worth with an ax in several hours time. That was when gold sold for $ 18 to 20 per oz. It was covered and remains there yet to be rediscovered. This party moved to San Francisco, where he invested the money wisely and made more than he could spend. Always planing on going back for more, until fate decided otherr wise, he died after a long lingering illness. His wife returned to her old home in the East, and untill a few years ago kept the secret of this tremendous find of Gold.

I have THE information she gave a relative befor she died, but it was not exact enough to enable a person to go directly to the spot. We know within a 20 sq mile area.

When I read of your Mr. Newtons instruments for locating gold, I said there is the man we need. Now would you consider a proposition to pass this on to him and try to gain his cooperation in locating this tremendous gold find. I feel his help would save many months of hard work, and may be the means of success insteat of failure. The search can only be carried on from June to October, on account of snow.

Please let me hear from you, and thank you.

Very truly yours

Clarence C. Tyer

Clarence C. Tyer

To be corrected
by Si.

Page 4 of typed copy.
end of par 1.
(re: Ken Clopton
whom Cahn traced)

Page 4. Last sentence
of par 4 which
was not quite clear
in longhand
script about
disproving saucers

Page 2. par 3. line 3 from
bottom okay deletion

COPY OF LETTER WRITTEN IN LONGHAND

July 2, 1951

Dear Frank:

I have given considerable thought to the subject matter you placed before me on my return from Denver.

Before commenting on the various charges, I think I should review my contacts with Cahn and the Chronicle people.

As you know I met Cahn at your house. I confused him with Herb Caen. He learned of my frequent visits to San Francisco and he made it his business to contact me there. He was so persistent that I agreed to have dinner with him. He brought a man named Newhall and the talk was saucers, saucers. The theme of their talk was that I owed something to the world and I should let the Chronicle guide me.

Thinking I was talking to responsible people and talking off the record I talked freely, however, I followed the line used since '49 by refusing to identify any of the scientists who know the inside about saucers. The general subject matter of our talk you covered in the book.

Later Cahn caught me again and had some radio man, who had seen saucers. I think that was the evening I was to meet two people who had some saucer data.

As a result of these meetings and almost daily telephone calls I finally agreed to meet Smith, the Editor, and Fanning the Magazine Editor. I did this and Newhall and Cahn were present. The talk lasted 1½ hours. I made it plain that I had no time for the project they had in mind. Further I doubted that the people I knew would even consider a program along the line they proposed to go. They wanted their great conservative paper to get to the bottom, document the whole thing and if they thought it true then give it to the world. They would satisfy anyone that they would protect the identity of all concerned.

I may have at this talk at the persistent request of Cahn showed some of the gears that he had heard about.

Well, the next thing I knew Smith was on a trip around the world. But Cahn kept after me, and one day turned up with a great cash offer such as the Chronicle had never dreamed of in their history. They wanted me to contact all the various connections, and shake $25,000 plus 50% royalty. They would deposit somewhere $15,000 in good faith. I never even inquired as to the conditions. I, when brought before Fanning, told them that at the first opportunity I would present the proposal to the various people and on my return to San Francisco report their reaction. Rush, rush was the daily theme of Cahn. Fanning was about to drop the whole thing and unless it was a closed deal before Smith returned Smith would ditch the whole idea. Frankly I can't remember such high pressure salesmanship. High honor, absolute protection to every one. I finally told them that I thought the astronomers might permit their names to be used if a deal was ever made, but I had no authority to say this. At one of these latter meetings Cahn insisted that they get one more look at the gears and discs. About ten days later I had occasion to remove the gears and I saw a disc had been switched. It did not occur that the honorable soul of honor Chronicle staff would stoop to petty larceny or perhaps grand for that matter.

My last words to Fanning et al were that as to the rumor about a grounded saucer near Memphis, I proposed, when I finished my work in Washington, to round up various people and go to the location and find out if the rumor was real. I even said I would wire them if it was real as I thought that would be the best chance to work out something concrete. Frank, I wish you could have heard them tell me how they could protect me. These are the high-lights of our various talks, but never in my life have I been subjected to such high pressure. To top it all Cahn gave me a big rush one day and said he had been to Denver and had found out so much good about me that they wanted forthwith to do a big feature story on me, pictures, life history, romance, tra la la. I said Hooey. No dice, and I refused point blank to fall for this gag. I told them you had done that stunt ~~and I read it for the first time when the book came out~~, and that you had gilded me far too much. In good faith I talked to several of our people about the Chronicle idea and not one could see anything worth while.

This review now brings me to the vile stuff that has been vomited in your presence and before others by Cahn, as a representative of the Chronicle.

I want to comment on some of the sorry stuff you had to listen to.

1st. Lie number one. The owner of the Chronicle never directly or indirectly invested, spent, or in any manner put one

dollar, let alone $150,000 with me on any oil well or oil venture. He made this same charge a few days ago and he was called a goddamned liar by the Treasurer of our company. On the contrary we spent approximately $100,000 in a 6000 feet test at Carrizo Plains in San Luis Obispo Co, and lost our money and never bellyached to Cameron or any one else.

Next, you say Cahn told you I was about to be indicted for selling a man named Springer some oil property for $9100 without a license. Answer; Mr. S. has been in business with me since October, 1950 and in Washington in February personally solicited me to sell to him a small interest in an oil lease in Wyoming. I called Denver and discussed the matter, agreed to it, and the papers were prepared in Denver. Mr. S. paid for only a small part of his purchase and got me to accept his note due next year for the greater part of the deal. Mr. S. has confirmed this fact as to the deal in Washington and Denver, but it is no one's business as to the terms. So that was lie number two.

Now as to lie number three. Cahn told you that I had told him the identify of Dr. Gee, as being one person, and gave his name and address. That is a complete lie. I never even told Cahn who the astronomer was at Palomar, as I told Fanning et al that I did not have his permission. But Cahn in my presence was caught holding the pictures up to the light to see the name. I called him on it, and I should have known then he could not be trusted.

Now comes some of the filth. Cahn told you about a case in New Jersey, which started out to be a blackmail case, but I refused to pay off. I long ago told you the highlight. So they wired to Baylor and to Yale and they found out about my golf scores abroad. Now isn't that just too bad. Here I've been playing golf in this country and Great Britain for over a quarter of a century. I've never been barred from a golf club or turned down for membership. I'm a life member, founder member, resident and non resident member of all kinds of clubs all over this country. But according to this petty thief, self admitted to you, I'm in the confidence racket. I've made and lost millions in the oil business and I've been in it most of my business life. An oil man always has two strikes on him in the eyes of a lot of people, but I have friends all over this land. I've been rich by anyone's standard. I've been broke, but I can go back and do go back to any place I've ever been and I think I'm welcome. I have no regrets. I dig holes in the ground, some are dry and some produce. I've built and owned successful oil refineries. I've drilled oil wells all over this country.

For more than 20 years I've been engaged in geophysical research as it relates to the oil business. My educational background equipped me for the study of the subject, and I've gained some knowledge of the subject, a part of which is known to only a few. There are 4 accepted branches of recognized geophysical systems. Each of them were commonly referred to as "Doodlebugs" before they proved their right to scientific acceptance. Even they, as well as geology, are wrong 82% of the time as to "wildcats." So Mr. Cahn is a liar again if he says that my geophysical doodle bugging is to use sucker lists from saucer publicity. You've had thousands of letters. I have never written or talked to one of these people (about anything but flying saucers) and I defy any one to prove otherwise.

Next I hear that Cahn went to see a man in Arizona and told him you told him he was Dr. Gee. You showed me a letter signed by this gentleman. Well, that scotched that.

Next Cahn begged our Mr. Stringer of the Refining company to try to get me to admit that I had told you the story and told you it was a hoax, but you played it straight. Stringer said he never heard of you and knew nothing about the book or saucers and refused point blank.

So the vicious circle turns. What gets me is what is to be gained by vilifying me. There's enough trouble in the world. It does not prove or disprove the saucer story. I believe it, and I've had sufficient evidence of all kinds the past 3 years to make me a firm believer. I hope some day to meet a saucer face to face. But I won't write the Chronicle. Even what they know at present Mr. Cahn nor his paper are able to disprove the existence of saucers.

And what's more. Cahn lied when he told our people in San Francisco a few days ago that his paper had spent $25 to 30 thousand already in tracing my record and others. I would have given it all for nothing if it would have served their purpose in proving saucers do not exist.

I only have this to say in closing. Your story has been told. Great good has come from it, and nothing the Chronicle can do can change that. Lots of people didn't believe it. Lots don't believe what they read in the Chronicle. So what!

I've turned this whole story over to my attorneys for appropriate action.

Sincerely yours,

SI

Not sent

Not sent

July 2, 1951

Mr. Paul Smith,
San Francisco Chronicle,
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Mr. Smith:-

Thanks for your gracious letter of June 28. It's tone was so at variance with what we had been led to believe was the paper's position that it was hailed around here with genuine relief. I hated to think that after all these years I would have to start screening people who dropped into Bedside Manor and hoped I could help them solve a problem.

It's one thing to laugh off a man's story but it's quite another to charge him with being a dupe of a criminal conspiracy. Most critics thought I was kidding. Some went so far as to say that not only flying saucers were a myth, but I was too.

Frankly, at best I never figured I had got more than my foot in the door and long ago I expected to get it chopped off by the Pentagonians. But when they kept using stooges, even such authorities in the realm of science as Hearst sports writers, to blow me down I began to feel that maybe I had something after all. For somebody else to blow me down again at this late date hardly seems news.

Where the Chronicle's researchers first went off the beam, it seems to me, was in thinking they could prove the presence or absence of flying saucers in our atmosphere, as reported by thousands, by pointing out the reliability or unreliability of ~~three~~ people, ~~two of whom never claimed they ever saw a flying saucer and a third denied he was the man the Chronicle researcher said he was~~. If you could prove that these [redacted] people were not lily-white in their business and personal relations, what possible bearing does that have on the sightings, reports, photographs and other data of thousands as yet unscreened and, on any newspaper's budget, never likely to be?

Correct

two or three people

Where your researchers went off the beam next, it seems to me, is that Cahn wooed Newton with persistent impatience over months. When he struck some snags he didn't turn to Newton for the explanations, but went behind his back to Newton's associates, one by one, and proceeded to befoul the reputation of the man he hoped would make him rich and famous overnight. In a last desperate effort he has tried to get them to do to me what I couldn't be talked into doing to them.

This phase of Cahn's behavior was, entre nouse, a shocking example of double-dealing. It was the sort of thing you associate with Hearst's leg men, but hardly with yours. If I had found that I had been used by one of

Where your researchers went off the beam next, it seems to me, is that Cahn wooed Newton with persistent impatience over months. When he struck some snags he didn't turn to Newton for the explanations, but went behind his back to Newton's associates, one by one, and proceeded to befoul the reputation of the man he hoped would make him rich and famous overnight. In a last desperate effort Cahn tried to get Newton's associates to convince him to do to me what I couldn't be talked into doing to Newton.

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Newton has reviewed the whole case for me since he returned from Washington, including the last chapter which was relayed to him from San Francisco. Cahn, it seems, would now take him off the hook if he would sign a statement that he told me two years ago it was all a hoax and that I went ahead and played it straight anyway. Is this man mentally ill?

When and if Newton reviews his side of this sorry mess I'd be greatly surprised if you didn't feel that certain members of your staff owed him an apology.

It would be wonderful if some writer cleaned up the errors in "Behind The Flying Saucers" and then doubled me in no trump that proved the presence of flying saucers beyond a doubt. Such new revelations would surely be big news tonight. But from the looks of things at present they won't be coming from J.P.Cahn. He has thrown an awful lot of mud on people who tried to befriend him. Can you blame them for trying now to close the door and enjoy some peace and quiet?

With personal best wishes,

Sempre,

FS:AP

FRANK SCULLY